

THE
Ambassadors of Christ
DELINEATED;

IN
DIVINE SKETCHES
TAKEN FROM
REAL LIFE,

BEING *A Lover with friend*
A Characteristic DIALOGUE,

COPIED FROM
An Original Plan in the School of
EVANGELICAL EXPERIENCE.

Most humbly design'd to remove *Prejudice*,
and promote the *Gospel*.

Earnestly recommended to all *Religious Sects*, and
Parties, who desire to hear the *Word savingly*.

By a LOVER of TRUTH.

Jeremiah, Chap. iii. Ver. 15.

*And I will give you Pastours according to mine Heart, which
shall feed you with Knowledge, and Understanding.*

L O N D O N:

Printed by JOHN HART, *Popping's Court, Fleetstreet*.

And sold by G. KEITH, in *Grace church Street*; J. FULLER,
Blowbladder Street, Cheapside; W. FLEXNEY, near *Gray's Inn
Gate*; W. HEARD, at the *Philobiblician Library, Piccadilly*;
and H. CHAPPELLE, in *Lower Grosvenor Street*. MDCCLXII.

[Price Six-pence.]





A

Dedicatory Caution,

T O A L L

Hearers of GOD's Word.



THE most prevalent Motives, that prompted me to publish the following *Dialogue*, were from a clear Conviction, of GOD's manifesting his *Power* often, by the meanest *Instrument*; whose *Spirit* can render the least *Performance*, a happy Means for bringing many off their *sandy Foundation*, to *build* on the *Rock* CHRIST JESUS.

A 2

CHRIST'S

CHRIST'S *Ambassadors*, are daily lifting up their Voices like *Trumpets*; earnestly shewing the *Inhabitants* of *England* their *Sins*; whose *Doctrine* is cloath'd with the *Power* and *Spirit* of *Elias*; but as, in the Days of the *Baptist*, (that *Harbinger* of the *Lord*?) so this Age also, abounds with a Generation of *Vipers*, who are continually hissing against the sacred *Truths* of the *everlasting Gospel*; a *Race* that will not be warn'd to *flee from the Wrath to come*, whose *Condemnation* therefore will be just.

Many, (having itching *Ears*, and more charm'd with *Novelty*, than *Truth*) are captivated with *Popularity*; whose *Morals* being tainted with *Bigotism*, and actuated by a blind *Zeal*, grow possessed with the false *Spirit* of *Enthusiasm*; which *Sparks* of their own *kindleing*, evaporate into dreadful *Apostasy*, or sink them into a total *Insensibility*.

I may add to these many wayside Hearers, lightly running here and there (wide from the *Truth* as it is in *JESUS*) whose Heads are filled with confused Ideas of Theoretical *Principles*, whilst their barren *Hearts* are destitute of that *vital*, and *essential Power* of *Religion*, which only can enable them to reduce those *Principles* into *Practice*.

Many again (under *satanical Delusion*, and wander-

wandering through *erroneous Labyrinths*) make a woeful *Quietus* on the forlorn *Quicksands* of *Antinomianism*; that *diabolical Sink* of *Licentiousness*: otherways their *Heads* swim on the fatal *Streams* of *self-righteous Legality*, whose deceitful *Current* terminates in TOPHET, and wafts them smoothly on to PERDITION.

Therefore that you may escape such dreadful *Catastrophes*; let me, in the first Place, give you that *divine Caution* of the dear REDEEMER'S, to *beware of false Prophets*; in the next Place, when *Providence* has cast your happy Lot, where the *Gospel* is powerfully *preached*, and well *seasoned* with *Grace*, there set up your *Ebenexer*; and be no longer fluctuating, nor making Props of *Seets*, or *Parties*, but look up to CHRIST the BISHOP of *Souls*, whose *Power* alone can make you *wise to Salvation*, and enable you to bring forth the *peaceable Fruits* of RIGHTEOUSNESS.

Next I desire you to take this as an undoubted *Truth*, that a Diversity of *Gifts*, implies a *gracious Heart* no more, than an amiable *Face* denotes *Sweetness* of *Temper*; and this *Truth* needs no *Illustration*, for Scripture fully evinces, that the *Kingdom* of GOD consists not in *flowing Oratory*, or a *pompous Style*, but in POWER.

No

No part of the *habitable Globe*, is bless'd with the glorious *Sunshine* of the GOSPEL more than *England*; and the Foundation of our *Felicity* stands firm, in the happy and uninterrupted *Liberty* we enjoy, under our most *gracious* SOVEREIGN; who exemplifies his Attachment unto CHRIST's *Interest*, by tolerating such *faithful Ambassadors*, to open their high *Commissions* in *publick*, whose sacred *Credentials* of *Peace*, and *Glad Tidings*, are what even the ANGELS desire to look into.

Then no longer slight the inviting *Overtures* of *Free Grace*, and *Tenders* of *pardon-ing Love*; but casting from you the *Weapons* of *Hostility*, follow the blessed *Example* of the best of KINGS; and prove your *Loyalty* to Him, and *Love* to yourselves, by commencing new-born Subjects to the KING of KINGS.

I am,

Your Souls Wellwisher,

Lovetruth.



A
 DIVINE DIALOGUE
 BETWEEN
 FAITHFUL, HOPEFUL and DOUBTFUL.

FAITHFUL.

WELCOME, *dear Friends*, to my
 Abode,
 This *Bethel*, where we *worship* God;
 And social *Prayer*, and *Praises* blend,
 To *magnify* the *Sinner's Friend*:
 His *Glory* — *sanctifies* the *Place*,
 And brightens with *redeeming Grace*;
 With *Hymn* divine the *Saviour* laud,
 Who makes us *Kings*, and *Priests*, to *God*.

B

1.

1.

Ye *Saints* ! who bid the *World* adieu,
And brighter *Mansions* have in view !
The *Saviour*, on such *Pilgrims* shine,
And warm their *Hearts* with *Love* divine.

2.

Though here they trace a dreary *Vale*,
On *Food* angelic they regale ;
With *Gifts* and *Graces* sweetly fill,
And Prospects view of *Sion's Hill* :

3.

And if they *pant* or thirsty grow,
Oh then the *living Waters* flow !
If persecuting *Heat* prevails,
This *precious Fountain* never fails.

4.

When *Trials* 'thwart the *heavenly Road*,
Their everlasting *Strength* is *God* :
Oh happy *Pilgrims* thus to prove,
Their *Portion* is the *God* of *Love*.

5.

Your *Anthems* up to *JESUS* raise,
And join *redeeming Love* to praise :
To reach the *golden Harps* on high,
With *Hallelujahs* pierce the *Sky*.

HOPEFUL.

Our *Hymns* and *Intercourses* sweet,
Fill us with *mutual Love* to meet ;
The *great Messiah* be our *Theme* !
My *Heart* *rebounds* ! to speak his *Name* !
The *Soul* with *Christ* enjoys content,
No one his *Peace* shall circumvent ;

And

And lives the only happy Man,
 By building on the *Gospel Plan* :
 Through *Faith's* Perspective—Source of *Love* !
 He views *angelic Worlds* above ;
 Such *radiant Bliss* for to depaint !
 And *picture* forth the *happy Saint* !
 How weak are we ! the *Task* how great !
 To sketch the *visionary State*.
 For whether — *lofty Sphere* — he keeps,
 Or *humble Life* — submissive creeps,
 Obedience to the *Will divine*,
 Do through each different *Orbit* shine :
 With cheerful *Hymns* he glads the Way,
 And — *Grace* adoring — spends the Day ;
 Till downy *sleep* his *Powers* invade,
 Then *Angels* guard the silent Bed,
 Wakes with the Lark, and still goes on ;
 With *Praise* and *Prayer* salutes the Morn ;
 A Duty we should ever pay,
 Who views another *smiling Day*.

F A I T H F U L.

Our *Lord triumphant*, 's risen too,
 And *conquer'd* all the Powers of Woe ;
 That we *Hell's Terrors* might not share,
 Nor *GOD's eternal Vengeance* bear ;
 Else Loads of *Sin*, a *pond'rous Weight* !
 Had doom'd us that *tremendous State* ;
 But what shall *Christless* Sinners skreen !
 Who now reject the *Gospel Scheme* !
 Such sleepy *Worldlings* do but dream —

Of fancied *Mercy*, and of *Love*,
 Forgets that *Justice* reigns above:
 Which God in *direful Judgments* vent,
 On all who die *impenitent*.

D O U B T F U L.

Oh how I *long*! and *thirst* to see!
 That *Christ* did *bleed*, and *die* for me,
 A dreadful *Precipice* I view!
 Which strike with *Gloom* and *Horror* too!

H O P E F U L.

The *Lord* most richly does provide,
 Bright *Luminaries* for our Guide,
 Who *Gospel Trumpets* sound alarm,
 At once both *terrify*, and *charm*:
 And God's *Omnipotence* is shown,
 By healing *Wounds*, and breaking *Stone*:
 Faithful Dividers of the *Word*
 CHRIST sends, that *Hearts* may be allur'd;
 With his *redeeming Love*, and *Grace*,
 And planted *Trees* of *Righteousness*.

D O U B T F U L.

May God defend me 'gainst such Men,
 Whose *Velvet Mouths* false *Peace* proclaim!
 Lest baneful *Ign'rance* shou'd controul,
 And lacking *Knowledge* — lose my Soul.

F A I T H F U L.

Such *Quicksands* then escape with speed!
 Since JESUS did for *Sinners* bleed;

Whose

Whose *Light illumines* — lest we stray,
 And *Darkness brightens* — into Day :
 Prize them who cry aloud to win,
 Men from the *Curse*, that's due to *Sin* ;
 Such who the *healing Balm* do press,
 To cure our *Plague* and *Filthiness*,
 Are *Instruments*, our God will bless.
 May you the *Spirits Teachings*, share ?
 Whilst we such *shining Lights* declare.

HOPEFUL.

God's *evangelic Promise* is,
 To guide bewilder'd *Souls* to *Bliss* ;
 And sends forth *Pastors*, *sound*, and *true*,
 Who *worldly Motives*, bid adieu :
 Such is that *faithful Saint*, indeed !
 Dear WATCHFUL, of the *New-born Seed*,
 Sequester'd from vain *Pomp* or *Ease* !
 Gives up *Health*, *Wealth*, and *pleasant Days* ;
 That we God's *Image* — now may boast,
 Which *Adam*, through *Transgression* — lost ;
 What *balmy Comforts*, richly sprung,
 From his — *new Life* distilling — Tongue ;
 At the *Communion*, or the *Word*,
 Glad *Tidings* ! unto *Sinners* flow'd ;
 With *apostolic Orthodox*,
 He feeds the — *Heaven-seeking Flocks*.
 No *Errors* rule this *humble Saint*,
 Of *Antinomians* filthy taint :
 Christ's *sanctifying Power*, does show,
Inherent, and *imputed* to ;
 Such evidencing *Fruits* he hath,
 His *Zeal*, exemplifies his *Faith* ;

Loves

Loves portrait — on his *Breast-plate* bears,
Salvation's shining *Helmet* — wears,
 With *Gospel Light*, divinely shod,
 Pleads lively *Oracles* from *God*.

H O P E F U L.

Nor wields the *spiritual Sword* in vain?
 Convicts the *Atheist*, and *prophane*,
 The *Gospel Myst'ry* — sets to view,
 That *Saints*, in *Holiness* may grow,
 And *Christ's Disciples* now become,
 That *WATCHFUL's* *Classes*, they may crown;
 Whom faithful *Leaders*, safely keep,
 As *Shepherds* do their *Flocks* of *Sheep*;
 And on *Watch-Nights* in *Jesu's Fold*,
 His bright *Beatitudes* behold;
 There in *Emanuel's* fruitful *Mead*,
 On *hidden Manna* sweetly feed;
 Where *holy Faith*, and *Love divine*,
 Begets *Dominion* over *Sin*;
 For as from *Christ* *Remission* flows,
 So, in proportion — *Sin* subdues.

F A I T H F U L.

Hail! heav'nly Guide! whose shining *Ray!*
 Make *Labyrinths* dark — break into *Day*,
 Through winding *Maze*, of *Nature's Night*,
 Prove *leading Stars*, to *Gospel Light*;
 Whose *golden Precepts* sweetly flow,
 That all may *sound Conversion* know:
 For in dead *Hearts*, lock'd up in *Sin*,
Satan keeps *Centinel* within;

Galls

Galls Bitterness, corroding lie,
 In *Bondage*, and *Iniquity* :
 Strong *Chains* of *Darkness*, bind the *Soul*,
 Till *Christ*, the *Prison Bars* controul,
 Who wounds the *Heart* — to make it *whole*.
 For when his *Spirits Work* begins,
Man feels the *Burthen* of his *Sins*,
 A *Wretch* consign'd to *endless Woe* !
 Must guilty to *Perdition* go ;
 Then *Symptoms* of *Despair* emerge,
 And *Conscience* too, with *Whip* and *Scourge* ?
 Like to the *Psalmist's* deep complaint ?
 Their *Bones* wax *fore*, and out of *joint* :
 Till *Christ*, the *Soul's eternal Friend* ?
 With *healing* in his *Wings* — descend ;
 The *Time* of sweet refreshings come,
 Then *Peace*, and *Joy*, unite in one,
 And *Angels* sound the *Prodigals* return.

H O P E F U L.

Oh *FRUITFUL*, how did *GOD* through thee !
 Make me my *wretched self* to see,
 And unto *CHRIST* for *Refuge flee* :
 Shew'd *Life* the *Harbinger* of *Pain*,
 And *Heaven's Pearl*, the richest *Gain* ;
 How *Man* is born for to begin,
Progressive Virtue — conquering *Sin* :
 With *Energy* allur'd to join,
 Our *sapless Branch*, to *Christ* — the *Vine* :
 Then be not like the *Adder* — deaf !
 But welcome *CHRIST*, and spare his *Breath* ;
 Through persecuting *Heat* he runs,
 To make us *GOD's* adopted *Sons* ;

That

That *Love* which saves him from the *Curse*,
 With sympathy endears to us;
 CHRIST'S *Herald* proves — proclaiming loud
 That *Blood*, which reconciles to *God*.
 No hostile *Weapon* then maintain,
 Against the *Lamb*, for *Sinners* slain?
 When one poor wand'ring *Sheep* is found,
 Then FRUITFUL'S *Jays* — are amply crown'd.

F A I T H F U L.

Conversion — is his darling aim,
 That *Sinners* dead — may *live* again;
 Defines with animated Zeal,
 That *new* *Creation*, he does feel;
 Yet those — who *spirit'al* Knowledge want?
 Deems all — *Enthusiastic* Cant;
 The *Spirit* — with buffoonry treat,
 In *footy* *Minors* — paltry Sheet,
 Loads *Scandal*, both on *Church*, and *State*.

H O P E F U L.

Expel'd the *Churches*? he made known,
 God's not confin'd, to *Walls* of *Stone*;
 His *Presence* consecrates the Place?
 Not *Pomp* that *sanctifies*? — but *Grace*:
 Turn'd, *Boenerges* in the Field,
 Where flinty *Hearts* relenting yield;
 There, *Church-absenters* — suppl'ant fall,
 And *Sinners* heard the *Gospel* Call;
 CHRIST did unsheath his *mighty* *Sword*,
 Such *awful* *Power* cloath'd the *Word*,
 And *Heaven* was his *Sounding-board*:

The

The num'rous *Harvest*, pitying eyed ?
 Condol'd with *Grief*, the *scatter'd Tribe*,
 Expos'd to *sultry Heat*, or *Rain* ;
 Expostulates with *God* for them.
 Soon *Condescension* crown'd his *Prayer*,
 What spacious *Structures* now declare ;
 Whose *Walls* — dumb *Oratory* speak,
God's All-sufficiency — how great.
 Within each *venerable Pile*,
 Dear *Saints* incorporating fill ;
 And raise blest *Ebenezers* — there,
 Of social *Hymns*, and humble *Prayer* :
God views them in his *Son* compleat !
 As polish'd *Gems*, and *Jewels* bright ;
 Built up in *CHRIST* — an humble *Host* !
 Fit *Temples* for the *Holy Ghost*.

F A I T H F U L.

There *Faith*, and *Love*, uniting grow,
 Instructive *Exhortations* flow :
 And well tun'd *Songs* of *Israel*,
 Ascend to *Sion's holy Hill* ;
 Whose *Hymns*, with *Melody* endear,
 The sweet *Foretastes*, of *Heaven* here.

D O U B T F U L.

Soft *Musick* harmonize your *Theme*,
 And tributary *Praises* claim :
CHRIST joins the *Consort*, with his *Love*,
 We hear — the *soft still Voice* — move.
Hearts — with *seraphic Ardor*. — glows,
 And pants to be the *Bridegroom's Spouse*.

C

H O P E.

H O P E F U L.

Then join with us the *Marriage Feast*,
 Wed with the *Lamb*, and be his *Guest*;
 The *LORD* bids *Unbelief* be gone,
 And *precious Faith* thy *Shield* become;
 The *mystic Dove* rich *Gifts* impart,
 With *Joy cœlestial* fill the *Heart*;
 Whose gentle *Gales*, on *Zippers* sweet,
 Shall waft thy *Soul* to *Heaven's Retreat*.

D O U B T F U L.

But still such awful *contrasts* dwell?
 Of *Life!* and *Death!* of *Heaven!* and *Hell!*
 That struggling *Conflicts*, fill my *Breast*?
 Till *CHRIST* conveys the *promis'd Rest*.

F A I T H F U L.

Oh glorious *Sight!* — *Salvation's dawn!*
CHRIST will *perfect* — what is begun:
 Friend *Doubtful* know, that *God divine*,
 From *Darkness*, made the *Light* to shine;
 Black *Chaos* at his *Presence* fled,
 Who rais'd up *JESUS* from the *Dead*:
Exalted, that *Remission* might,
 Be given to the *Hearts contrite*:
 Such blest *Experience* we unfold,
 More precious than the *Ophir Gold*:
 What *Pressures* in the *Soul* is felt!
 When groaning under heavy *Guilt*:
 How soon, the gloomy *Horrors* cease!
 When *calmed* by the *Prince of Peace*.

H O P E-

H O P E F U L.

When GRACEFUL, does such *Sinners* woo,
 God's Power from his Lips do flow;
 Persuasive Accent wins the Heart,
 Whilst he *glad Tidings* do impart;
 Breaths *Life*, into a *fall'n Race*,
 And magnifies *redeeming Grace*;
 Displays the *Beauties* of his Lord,
 Portray'd with *Lustre* — in the *Word*:
 Where *Wisdom*, in her Songs disclose,
 CHRIST sweet as *Lilies*, and the *Rose*;
 Divine Description of his *Form*,
 Resplendant *Graces*, that adorn;
 *His *Love* is ruddy, white, and clear!
 Transcending Thousands that are *fair*!
 His *Head* more fine than *Ophir* bright,
 With *shining Locks* of *Raven* jet;
 His *Eyes* as *Doves* where *Waters* glide,
 With *Milk*, and fitly set beside;
 His *Cheeks*, as *Beds* of *Spices* smell,
 Where odoriferous *Flowers* exhale;
 His *Lips*, as *Lilies* yield *Perfume*,
 And dropping — sweetest *Myrrh* become;
 The *Ivory* bright compared to!
 And *Sapphires* *oriental blue*:
 As *Marble Pillars* fixt on *Gold*!
 His *Form* is lovely to behold.
 Thus GRACEFUL has his *Beauty* spread,
 As *Hervey* — (of blest'd *Memory*) — did?

* *Solomon's Song*, Chap. v. Ver. 10, &c

F A I T H F U L.

When God by such, our Hearts do charm,
 Oh! don't resist — the sweet Alarm,
 But beg, CHRIST's *Spirit* may begin,
 A *vital Principle* within;
 The *Word* be bless'd, and *Faith* be given,
Children of Wrath, made *Heirs of Heaven*.
 Tremble! ye persecuting *Sauls*!
 Who, dead to all alarming *Calls*!
 Shut God's dear *Saints*, without the *Walls*:
Christ pity'd once such cruel *Sheep*,
 When o'er *Jerusalem* he did weep;
 Pity'd, but no *Repentance* sprung!
 So Vessels of his *Wrath* become.

D O U B T F U L.

Why does Reproach God's *Saints* befall,
 Since JESUS suffer'd once for all.

H O P E F U L.

That they should Persecution meet!
 May stagger *Faith*, when 'tis but weak;
 But *Suffering*, to *Perfection* leads,
 A *Crown of Life*, the *Cross* — succeeds;
 All, the adopted *Sons of God*,
 Must bear the *Cross*, and feel the *Rod*;
 None, *godly* lives in *Christ* by *Faith*,
 But fiery *Persecutions* hath;
 That plenteous *Fruit* may grow thereby,
 And *Hearts* be wean'd, from transient *Joy*.

F A I T H-

F A I T H F U L.

So, MEANWELL, that dear Son of *Grace*!
 Closely his *Master's* Foot-steps trace:
 In Christian *Armour* richly clad,
 Has fought his Way through *Trials* sad;
 Under CHRIST's *Banner* long has stood,
 Inlisting *Volunteers* — for *God*.
 Let's follow such a *Leader* then!
 Though mocked by ungrateful *Men*;
 Dare all Reproach, and Courage rouse,
 'Gainst *Principalities* and *Pow'rs*:
 Get strong in *Faith* — nor never yield,
 By Flight to quit the *Gospel* Field;
 'Gainst *spirit'al* Foes the Fight maintain,
 Commence — CHRIST's *Soldiers* under him:
 His *Enemies* must be withstood,
 With *Obstinacy* — e'en to *Blood*:
 Then strong impregnable *Hope*,
 Shall conquer *Heaven's* Foes without;
 And efficacious *Grace* — within,
 Shall reign, and triumph, over *Sin*;
 And when joint *Foes* their Strength unite,
 CHRIST will for you the *Battle* fight;
 And though to Sense, you vanquish'd seem,
 His *Grace* shall be sufficient then:
 With MEANWELL recommit those,
 Who dares the *Gospel* to oppose;
 Th' *Captain* of your *Salvation* — then,
 Will crown you at the last — *Campaign*;
 And all, who in this *Warfare* join,
 Shall *Kings*, and *Priests*, for ever shine.

H O P E.

H O P E F U L.

Youths — to whom MEANWELL Tutor is,
 There *Grace* and *Learning* sweetly kiss:
 The *Grammar*, with its *Mode*, and *Tence*,
 He blends with *Gospel Rudiments*;
 Delights in *Youth* who buds with *Grace*,
 And in CHRIST'S *School*, advance apace.
 How many — precious in GOD'S Eye,
 His *Bethel* treads, to *sing*, and *pray*;
 Where *Graces* — in distilling *Dews*,
 From CHRIST — communicative flows;
 And *Saints*, do alternately prove,
 Bless'd *Emanations* of his *Love*.
 There, at *Love Festivals* — the *Lord*,
 Regale them with *angelic Food*:
 Exult ye *Saints*! — Shout *little Flock*!
 Whose *Names* are wrote in *Heaven's Book*!
 Though bitter *Trials* you lament,
 It worketh good, to every *Saint*:
 The *Soul's* refined by the *Cross*,
 And purged from its *Tin*, and *Dross*.

F A I T H F U L.

With *poignant Grief*, I do condole,
 GOD'S *chosen* stab'd with *Ridicule*;
 The *Spirit* burlesqu'd, by whose *Aid*,
 All *Gifts*, and *Graces*, are convey'd:
Hom'lies, and *Articles*, disclose,
 From thence, all *Inspiration* flows:
 CHRIST'S *Image* stamps, that in may dwell,
Religion's vital *Principle*:

Thus

Thus *retrograde* to *Gospel Light*,
 They shut the *Gate* of *Heaven* quite;
 Oh God, strike *Terror* in them now,
 That *Mockers* may thy *Power* know:
 Dear *CHRIST*, thy *Mercy's* over all,
 Convert a persecuting *Saul*;
 Thy conquering *Word*, if thou permit,
 Can lay them *humble* at thy *Feet*:
 Thus *PEACEFUL*! meek as cooing *Dove*!
 Cloath'd with *Humility*, and *Love*;
 Offers rich *Grace*, and *Mercy* free,
 But *Adamantine* Hearts they be!
 Such Proud *Rebellion* to maintain,
 'Gainst *CHRIST* their *everlasting* *Gain*:
 Oft, like *Ezekiel* 'mongst dry *Bones*,
 The *Soul* to *spirit'al* *Life* returns;
 The *Gospel* Bow such *Quivers* have,
 That *Death* emerges from the *Grave*;
 From *Wrath* eternal, sounds *Reprieve*;
 And all who hear *CHRIST's* *Voice* — live:
 The *Grave* of *Sin* does burst erupt,
Bondage, in *Freedom's* swallow'd up;
CHRIST wields the double edged *Sword*,
 And awful *Power* cloaths the *Word*;
 Whose *Spirit* with progressive pace,
 Lead us to *Glory* by his *Grace*:
 That we may *Hallelujahs* join,
 In dear *Emanuel's* happy *Clime*;
 That Land, with *Milk* and *Honey* blest,
 Where *wicked* cease, and *weary* rest.

HOPE-

HOPEFUL.

To CHRIST, who those Foundations lay,
In *Mansions* of eternal Day;
With *Hymn* divine his Works proclaim,
And join the *New Jerusalem*.

1.

Saints of *Sion*! joyful sing,
Praises to your *God* and *King*;
Christ has rose, and did repel,
The joint Force of *Death*, and *Hell*.

2.

Let's the cheerful *Lark* outvie,
Raising *Songs* to *God* on High;
All created Worlds do own,
God the *Architect* alone.

3.

The sweet *Songsters* of the Grove,
Warbles forth the *God* of *Love*?
The gay *Lilie*, and the *Rose*,
God's Almighty Works disclose?

4.

Join then in the Chorus too,
Since *CHRIST* dy'd, and rose for you;
Meditate what *God* has done,
Who *incarnate* did become.

5.

CHRIST alone the Wine Press trod,
In Him shin'd the mighty *God*;
Satan's Empire, vanquish'd lies,
CHRIST reigns *Victor* 'bove the Skies.

6.

Then *Hosanna's* sweetly sing,
To o'r *Prophet*, *Priest*, and *King*;
Who for us prepares above,
Mansions of eternal *Love*.

FAITH-

God's Service perfect Freedom is,
 And yields a Glimpse of Sion's Bliss;
 That gloomy *Wretch* I do condole,
 Who grossly thinks *Religion* dull;
 Such narrow Thoughts of sovereign *Grace*,
 Brings down *vindictive Wrath* apace.
 But God renewed *Hearts* do fill,
 With *Transcripts* of his *holy Will*;
 For moral *Laws* delightful prove,
 When sanctify'd with *Grace* and *Love*:
 Through *CHRIST*, such Power is convey'd,
 To love that *Law*, which he obey'd:
 For he fulfil'd the *Law divine*,
 And what *Man* broke, has made to shine:
 Oh may his *Love* constraining — draw
 Perfect Obedience, to that *Law*.

H O P E F U L.

How is God's *Law* prophan'd by some!
 Who, *seventh Day Christians* are become;
 One Day — on *legal Worship* fix,
 And idolizes *Mammon* — *six*!
 Their *Saviour*, on the *Sunday* seek,
 Whilst *Belial* rules them all the *Week*!
 Such *mock Religion* is but vain,
Fruits of *Entbusiastic Brain*,
 And *stubble* fit, to kindle *Tophet's* Flame.

D O U B T F U L.

Dear *Friends*, your Guidance under God,
 Such dangerous *Errors* will explode:
 Blest *Spirit* teach me how to hear,
 With humble *Heart*, and holy *Fear*.

D

F A I T H.

F A I T H F U L.

For many, *Gospel Light* do shun,
 And into strange Delusions run;
 Engrafted into CHRIST ne'er get!
 But on the *Rocks* of *Error* split:
 How does that blessed *Catechist*?
 Dear GRATEFUL, on these *Truths* insist!
 Makes the proud *Pharisee* to see,
 The *spiritual* Scope of God's Decree;
 Vain *moral* Men — to cry — *alafs*!
 Who view their *Picture* in this *Glass*:
 Fill'd with imaginary Store!
 Expose them *naked*, *blind*, and *poor*:
 The almost-*Christian*, who relies
 On *Reeds*, of bear Performances;
 And *Fig Leaves* of their *Duties* bring,
 To *cloke* their most beloved *Sin*:
 Such *Hypocrites*, God does expel,
 And doom fit *Firebrands* for *Hell*:
 Self-righteous *Worms*, miss *Heaven's* Gate,
 And blindly post to *Hell* in *State*.
 CHRIST heals the broken-hearted *Soul*,
 But 's no *Physician* to the whole?
 Thus GRATEFUL pleads the *Saviour's* Cause,
 And ratifies the *Gospel Laws*.
 Who fills his *Heart* with *Love* and *Grace*,
 And *Gifts* enlarged as his *Place*.

H O P E F U L.

Thrice happy *Souls*! who humbly wait?
 And patient lay, at *Mercy's* Gate,

Though

Though *filthy* — wait in God's own Way,
 That his *Salvation* you may see:
 CHRIST takes — when *Soul's* are in Distress?
 Sweet Opportunities to *bless*:
 Contrition deep, he soon allays,
 And fills the Mouth with Songs of Praise.

F A I T H F U L.

God proves their *everlasting Friend*,
 Who humbly on the *Means* attend;
 Such consoling *Dews* distil,
 Compunction, *renovates* the Will!
 These *Harbingers*, to Pastures lead,
 Where *Souls* on living *Viands* feed;
 For through these Channels CHRIST conveys,
 The richest Cordials of his *Grace*;
 Ho! all ye *Pilgrims* in Distress!
 In *Desarts* where no *Water* is!
 A barren dreary *Wilderness*!
 The Door of *Hope* extendeth wide,
 Allur'd and comforted beside;
 For *Ashes*, *Beauty* soon arrays,
 In Garments of *eternal Praise*.
 Thus, TEXTWELL, Heaven's Joys impart,
 Displays the *Treasures* of his *Heart*,
 Depaints his agonizing *Lord*,
 Proclaims his *dying Love* abroad:
 While God's afflictive Strokes restrain,
 A spiritual Phenix shines again;
 When adverse Providences rule,
 God's Love ineffable console.

Comfort to wounded *Spirits* give,
 Glad Tidings broken *Hearts* revive,
 God justifies — and *Sinners* live: }
Redemption smiles — CHRIST pays the whole,
 And views the Travail of his *Soul*;
 Ho! all ye thirsty *Contrites* come,
 From TEXTWELL learn what CHRIST has done;
 Offspring of *Adam's* guilty Race?
 A Branch engrafted in by *Grace*:
 Free *Love*, and *Mercy*, is the same?
 Which seeking *Hearts*, may humbly claim;
 With *Faith* then agonize the Throne,
 Of *Grace*, 'tis *Mercy* bids you come.

H O P E F U L.

Ye callous *Hearts*, the *Gospel* seek;
 That *Hammer*, flinty *Hearts* will break;
 GOD's *Word* must inwardly be felt?
 It *hardens*, were it does not *melt*;
 So, TEXTWELL, pleads his *Saviour* dear?
 Who gives him *Strength* to persevere;
 Inspir'd with his *Power* divine,
 Converting *Grace*, his *Labours* join;
 And *Scoffers* are compell'd to see,
 That CHRIST his *Chosen's* *Strength* will be.

D O U B T F U L.

There? *Grace* abounding? shines indeed?
 But I'm a *Branch* that's — wither'd? — dead?
 May *Guilt* create, such *Soul-felt* Grief,
 As works *Repentance* unto Life;

CHRIST'S

CHRIST'S *Glory* be my final Aim;
And *self* in *humble Dust* be lain,
Conscious of want, commence a Blank,
That JESUS may his *Image* stamp.

F A I T H F U L.

Join then in agonizing *Prayer*,
And *self* condemn with *holy Fear*;
Thus we'll address the *Throne* above,
And supplicate the *God* of *Love*.

O *Lord*, behold a trembling *Son*?
Whose *Face* does *Zion* wards return,
With pensive *Heart*, and conscious shame,
Intreats thine *Image* to regain;
Such Streams of *Mercy* flow from Thee,
Thy *Blood* can wash his *Guilt* away,
Oh set the *Captive Prisoner* free;
Gracious *Redeemer* be his *Rock*,
Unite him to thy little *Flock*;
Thy precious *Blood* can well atone,
For all *Transgressions* he has done;
This *Candidate* at *Heaven's* Gates,
Dear *Lord* for *Love* and *Mercy* waits;
Inflame his *Heart* with *Love* divine,
Grant *Peace* may round his *Borders* shine;
His filthy *Heart* dear CHRIST renew,
Thy *Grace*, this *Miracle* can do;
Oh *Lord*, the *Holy Spirit* give,
That in thy *Kingdom* he may live;
To join the *heavenly Host* above,
In *praising* thy *redeeming Love*.

H O P E F U L.

Let — *Amen* — eccho from thy *Heart*,
To CHRIST — whose *Spirit* does impart,
Divine

Divine Attraction? — draws you on
 So *young?* — a Follower of the *Lamb*.
 Now, in full Strength and Vigour turn,
 Forsake thy *Sin*, and kiss the *Son*;
 Take up his *Cross*, and bid adieu,
 To empty *Joys*, for *Pleasures* true:
 Dear TIMEWELL view? whom CHRIST endears,
 With *Grace*, superior to his *Years*;
 Whose *Gifts*, with humble Lustre shine,
And manifests the Life divine;
 Who MEANWELL's Friendship does embrace,
 While Love cements their Hearts with *Grace*.
 The *Youth*, who early bears the *Yoke*,
 CHRIST dearly loves, and ne'er forsook;
 Like happy *John*, that *Saint* divine,
 They on his *Bosom* shall recline.

F A I T H F U L.

CHRIST pity'd from his inmost *Soul*,
 The *Youth* who left him sorrowful;
 Possessions, he would not disclaim,
 Nor *Honours*, though an empty *Name*,
 And legal *Duties*, were but vain?
 Build all your *Hopes* on CHRIST alone,
 Deem all *Externals*, *Dross* and *Dung*;
 Then new *Obedience*, free from *Force*,
 Will flow from *Love*, its happy *Source*;
Works, through their proper *Channel* flow,
 If on *Faith's* Root, the *Branches* grow;
 So TIMEWELL teaches, what he hath,
 Zealous in *Duty* — rich in *Faith*:
 Proceed brave *Youth* — though *Devils* rail,
 Young *David* shall, o'er *Saul* prevail;

As

As wrestling *Jacob* soon did boast,
 Those Blessings which his *Brother* lost;
 So *Mockers*, endless *Wrath* secure,
 And *Esau* like, lost *Joys* deplore.

HOPEFUL.

There's more dear *Saints*, a gracious Band?
 Our future Interviews demand;
 Whose exemplary *Fruits* do show,
 Their Hearts feel *Heaven* here below;
 To God's true *Israel* strong allied,
 And built on *JESUS* crucified:
 They God's pure *Laws* to us define,
 That *Gospel* *Grace* may brighter shine;
 Delineates the hidden *Chart*,
 Of *CHRIST*'s blest *Kingdom* in the Heart;
 Zealous and fervent in the Word,
 Alluring *Converts* unto God.

DOUBTFUL.

How some, with *diabolic* Skill,
 Such *Gospel* *Heralds* do revile;
 And horrid Appellations give,
 As *Madmen*! — *Fools*! — unfit to live!

FAITHFUL.

But when God's Power once arise,
 Soon *Prejudice*, and *Darkness*, flies;
Love, *Faith*, and *Hope*, fills up the Space,
 Oh praise such wonder-working *Grace*?
 Whose renovating *Power* within,
 Creates new *Life*, and conquers *Sin*:

Unravel!

Unravel! oh thou *Spirit* divine!
 And *Methodism* now define;
 Whence sprung the Name? to what intent?
 And why degraded with Contempt?
 Such *holy Methods* we should try,
 To happy *live*, and happy *die*:
 Some resteth in the *Name* alone?
Methods, by which the *Soul's* undone,
 Wed to their *Lusts*, and *Reprobates* become: }
 The empty *Title* to acquire,
 Is lifeless as a painted *Fire*;
 Such *Hypocrites* their *Souls* do cheat,
 And post to *Hell*, by *Heaven's* Gate.

D O U B T F U L.

Then what's a *Methodist* indeed?

F A I T H F U L.

God's *Love* in him, is sweetly shed,
 And fills the *Soul* with *Life* divine,
 Rich *Grace* through all his *Actions* shine;
 CHRIST — pardoning *Mercy* does impart,
 And rears his *Kingdom* in the *Heart*;
 His *Name* is register'd in *Heaven*,
 By *earnest* of his *Sins* forgiven;
 And though weak *Faith* may dim the *Eye*? }
 By *Marks* *divine*, we judge them by,
 And *little Faith*, with *Crutches* try:
 The *Patriarchs*, and *Prophets* too?
 This *holy Method* did pursue.

H O P E.

H O P E F U L.

The *Methodists* who would excel,
 The Life of CHRIST, must copy well;
 Who *Methodism*, magnified,
 For in that *Character* he dy'd;
 The *Saints*, and *holy Martyrs* both,
 Seal'd with their *Blood*, this sacred *Truth*:
 Whose gracious *Lives*, and *Sufferings* own,
 That *Saints*, and *Methodists*, are one.
Hail Methodism! — Source of *Love*!
 Whose *Founder* is the God above;
 Though *Worlds* dissolve, thy *Peace* is sure,
 And endless *Ages* shall endure.
 Dear, *Doubtful*, trace this narrow Path,
 And flee to CHRIST from *Heaven's Wrath*;
 Take *Refuge* there, to kiss and prove,
 The *golden Scepter* of his *Love*:
 That you may 'scape his *Iron Rod*;
 (Its *Hell*? to feel the *Loss* of God?)
 Then CHRIST will plead the purchas'd Right,
 Of *Glory* with the *Saints* in *Light*;
 And waft you with his *chosen Band*,
 In safe *Transition* to the *promis'd Land*.

F A I T H F U L.

Now imitate *Messiah's King*?
 Who after Supper, sung an *Hymn*;
 So should his *Saints* — for whom he rose?
 With grateful *Praise*, the *Evening* close.

What anxious *Cares* perplex the *Heart*,
Where *Love* of *Mammon* reigns *Supreme*,
False Views usurp each noble Part,
Deluding with a golden *Dream*.

Such wrong *Pursuits* subvert the *Mind*,
And *Reason* shackles — to destroy,
That grasping *Shadows*, and the *Wind*,
They lose the more *substantial Joy*.

Oh fatal *Bondage*? that instates,
Poor *Souls* in solitary *Woe*,
Where swift *Destruction* ever waits,
To strike the formidable *Blow*.

Sin, *Death*, and *Hell*, their Powers combine,
And wages *War* with tribble force,
Then fly to *CHRIST*, for *Power* divine,
To his *Redemption* have recourse.

His *Arms* spread open to receive,
All who from *Wrath*, for *Refuge* come,
Then be not *faithless*, but *believe*,
Learn giddy *World*, what *CHRIST* has done.

Nor suffer false delusive *Toys*,
To cheat you of eternal *Peace*;
The *World* must vanish with its *Joy*,
But *Heaven's Bliss*, shall never cease.

